THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 24, 1804.

Narrative of the Sufferings of Captain David Woodard and four Seamen, on the Iſland of Celebes.

(Continued from Page 490.)

AT length, on the morning of the 13th day, our travellers came to a mountain, by the ſide of a deep bay, in which they obſerved many of the Malay inhabitants fiſhing. They were now almoſt exhauſted for want of food; and Mr. Woodard feaſted heartily on a yellow berry, about the ſize of a currant; but, his companions not reliſhing its taſte, were contented with eating the leaves of various branches.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Woodard had not ſome knowledge of botany, which would have enabled him to deſcribe the berry, on which he made ſuch a luxurious repaſt; as we are probably unacquainted with its nutritive virtues.

The attention of our deſerted travellers was now ſeriouſly directed towards the means of their eſcape, which, they were convinced, would be facilitated if they could regain the ſmall iſland on which they landed the firſt night after leaving the ſhip, as they might then be picked up by ſome veſſel which might paſs: they therefore determined to purloin a canoe, or to conſtruct what is called a catamaran, by laſhing ſeveral logs together with rattans, ſo as to form a floating raft. But the men who had eaten of the leaves were ſhortly afterwards attacked with pains in the bowels and violent vomitings, which rendered them totally unable to proceed in the intended expedition. On the following morning, they preſented ſuch a ghaſtly appearance, that Mr. Woodard became apprehenſive they would not recover; and being ſtill without water, though ready to expire with thirſt, he went in ſearch of ſome, which he found, to the amount of about

a pint, in a hollow tree. This he divided amongſt them, by giving three mouthsful to each, after which they all ſunk down, being quite overcome by exhauſtion.

" I now," ſays Mr. Woodard, " began to be convinced that they were unable to proceed to the iſland, as we had intended, and then aſked them if they were willing to ſurrender themſelves to the natives. They all with one voice conſented, except John Cole, an American lad, who ſaid he would rather die in the woods than be maſſacred by the natives; and at the ſame time, catching me by the foot and kiſſing it, earneſtly begged of me to ſtay in the woods. In order to preſerve authority, and create confidence, I was ſtill obliged to ſpeak very roughly to him; calling him a fool, and directing him to follow me; which he did reluctantly, and behind at ſome diſtance.

" We now thought it moſt prudent to hide our weapons in the ground: viz. our boat-hook, the axe, the two pocket-knives, and a dollar. Theſe we hid by the ſide of a large tree, as a mark. We then proceeded to the bay where we had ſeen the Malays in the morning, in order to meet our fate, or to find friends. When we came to the beach, however, we did not ſee any one; for, as the tide was up, the natives were all gone away. I immediately walked on until I came to the path; and then aſcending a few ſteps on the banks, I perceived three girls fiſhing in a brook. As ſoon as they ſaw us, they ran away up the path. We followed them for ſome diſtance, and then ſat down on a large trunk of a tree, and waited the event of their departure. In about a quarter of an hour I perceived three men coming towards us in the ſame path in which the girls had gone, and immediately roſe to meet them, deſiring our men to ſit ſtill. I proceeded towards them alone, until I had come within a ſhort diſtance of them; when they ſtopped, and drew out their creſſes or knives. Without heſitation, I ſtill advanced till within two yards of them, and then falling on my knees I begged for mercy. They all looked ſtedfaſtly on me, with their knives drawn, for the ſpace of ten minutes; when one of them, putting up his creſs, came towards me, and knelt in the ſame manner that I had done to him. He then offered me both his hands, after their manner of ſhaking hands: I immediately did the ſame with him. By this time about twenty more of the natives, with one of their chiefs, arrived at the ſpot where we were. They ſtripped me, took off my hat and handkerchief, and cut the buttons off my jacket, thinking them to be money. By this time my four companions came up, whom they treated in the ſame manner."

Thus Mr. Woodard and his unfortunate party became completely in the power, and lay at the mercy of the natives; who ſupplied them with five green cocoa-nuts, and then led them to a town called Travalla, where they were immediately taken to the court-

court-houſe, accompanied by a vaſt concourſe of people, who, it appears, had never before ſeen a white man. They were placed near the judgment-ſeat, and in the ſpace of half an hour, the rajah of the place arrived, of whom Mr. Woodard gives the following deſcription:

"He was tall, ſtraight, well-made, and about ſix feet high. On his entrance he looked as wild as a madman, and carried in his hand a large drawn creſs or knife, the blade of which was two feet and a half long, and very bright. He was almoſt naked, except that he wore a ſmall pair of breeches, a girdle round his waiſt, and a red handkerchief on his head. He came within the circle of the women and children, and then made a ſtop. I immediately roſe, and went to meet him. He fixed his eyes ſtedfaſtly upon me, looking wildly. I immediately begged for my life; but he neither ſpoke a word, nor altered his poſition. I then approached ſo near to him as to take his foot, and put it on my head, as a token that I was completely under his power and direction. He then went to his judgement-ſeat, and aſſembling his chiefs around him, they diſcourſed together; but what was the ſubject of their conſultation I could not comprehend. The chief now roſe from his ſeat to go to his own houſe, which was at no great diſtance, and ſoon returned with five pieces of betel-nut, which the natives chew inſtead of tobacco. He gave me a piece of it, and the ſame to my people as a token of friendſhip, and this I afterwards learned is with them a conſtant indication of peace. He then ordered ſome cocoa-nuts."

Our travellers were then permitted to retire to reſt till towards eight o'clock in the evening, when they were ordered to the rajah's houſe, and received a ſupper of ſago-bread and peaſe; but which was ſo ſmall in quantity, that any one of them might have eaten it all. After this repaſt they again lay down to ſleep; but, by ten o'clock, a number of Malays, who had not ſeen them before, came to ſatisfy their curioſity, and expreſſed much ſurpriſe at the ſtature and colour of Mr. Woodard, who was ſix feet one inch in height, ſtoutly formed, and, conſequently, appeared to the Malays like a giant. For the ſpace of 40 days, they were detained priſoners, and ſubjected to the inceſſant viſits of crowds of men, women, and children. Their allowance was a cocoa-nut and an ear of Indian corn at noon, and the ſame at night.

"One day," ſays Mr. Woodward, "two old men arrived, who made me underſtand that they wanted to know of what country we were. I informed them that we were Engliſh. They then left me, and in the courſe of two days one of them returned, bringing with him a Mohammedan prieſt, whoſe name was Tuan Hadjee. He could ſpeak a few words of Engliſh, ſome Portugueſe, and ſome words of the Mooriſh language. He had been at Bengal and Bombay, on his way to Mecca. He had a certificate from Henry or John Herbert, the governor of

Balambangan in the iſland of Borneo (dated in 1771), to certify that he was a truſty good man, and was empowered by the governor to aſſiſt all diſtreſſed Engliſhmen, and convey them to an Engliſh port.

"I cannot deſcribe my firſt feelings at the ſight of this man; for I was in hopes that the knowledge of our ſituation would ſoon find its way to ſome European ſettlement in this part of the world, and that, ſooner or later, we ſhould alſo reach it. Tuan Hadjee aſked whence I came. I told him from Bengal, and laſt from Batavia. He immediately aſked the rajah, what he ſhould give for me and my people. The rajah replied, that he would not part with us. Tuan Hadjee then offered him one hundred dollars in gold-duſt, but he again refuſed to let us go. Our good friend the prieſt left us that evening, and told us that he would go to the head rajah about us. We ſaw no more of him, and neither knew nor could learn which way he went, or to what place he belonged: nor had I inquired, as I expected to have ſeen him again in the morning."

At length, after being detained cloſe priſoners for a month, and conſtantly guarded, the Malays relaxed in their rigour, and took two of them daily to the woods, where they were employed in making ſago-bread; but proviſions being ſcarce, they were allowed no food till night, when they were only furniſhed with a ſcanty meal. In the courſe of two months, they were only guarded at night, being permitted in the day-time to walk about the town, in conſequence, perhaps, of the illneſs of ſome of the men, two of whom had been ſeized with a fever and ague. About this time an incident occurred, which ſhews that the opinions of the Malays bear, in ſome inſtances, an analogy to thoſe of the Jews.—Mr. Woodard thus deſcribes it:

"Returning one day from a walk which I had taken towards the ſea, which was about half a mile from Travalla, I heard a noiſe in the woods at a ſhort diſtance from the town. On arriving at the houſe where the ſick men were, I was informed that George Williams, the man who was well, and whom I had left at home, had killed a hog—an animal to which the natives have an utter averſion. I immediately ran to the place whence the noiſe proceeded; where I, ſure enough, found Williams with his dead hog, (which he had killed with a ſpear made of bamboo) and ſurrounded by a number of women and children, who were hooting and laughing at his tugging the hog home through the buſhes. Williams was grown ſo weary that he could not ſtand, and the natives would give him no aſſiſtance. I immediately went to him, and laid hold of the hog to carry it into the woods, in order to dreſs it: when all the women and children hooted and laughed at me, and in deriſion called me "Satan" or "Sytan," which ſignifies "Devil" in their language. I then took the hog on my ſhoulders, with an intent to get clear of the mob; but

but they ſtill ran after me, and made ſuch a noiſe that they raiſed the whole town, who followed behind us at ſome little diſtance.

" I then diſpatched George Williams for an old knife which had been given me to cut wood with, and, as he was returning with it, they made ſeveral attempts to ſnatch it from him; but I caught it out of his hand, and rubbed it in the hog's blood, to prevent their taking hold of it; for (as I have obſerved before) they hold this animal in the greateſt deteſtation. Still followed by the crowd of people, I now proceeded with the hog towards the ſea-ſhore, for they would not ſuffer it to be dreſſed in or near the town. When we came to a convenient place, at a little diſtance from the ſea, we made a ſtand, and began to dreſs our animal; but the knife would not cut, and we were obliged to procure ſome bamboos, and diſſect it with knives made out of them. We alſo kindled a fire, and ſmoaked the meat, which was the only mode we had of preſerving it.

" Juſt as the ſun went down, John Cole, the man who had gone to make ſago-bread, returned, bringing with him ſago for our ſuppers; and this, with the pork, afforded us all a hearty meal, it being the firſt fleſh-meat we had eaten for near three months.

" The ſimplicity of the natives created us no ſmall merriment. The meat, which we had cured by ſmoaking, we wrapped up in large leaves of a plant very abundant in that country, and hid it in the woods, as the natives would not ſuffer it to come into the houſe. It ſerved us for eight or ten days; during which time, as the children paſſed, they pointed to the houſe, and cried " Satan muccon babi;" which ſignifies " Devils eat hogs." After this continued feaſt, we lived, as before, very poorly; ſometimes we could get ſago-bread, ſometimes cocoa-nuts, ſometimes none."

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER SINGULAR MISER.

A few weeks ſince died at Madeley, in Staffordſhire, Mr. Samuel Stretch, aged 72, who may with juſtice be ranked in the catalogue of eccentric miſers. He was a native of Market Drayton, in that county, and the early part of his life was ſpent as a private in the army, in which capacity he experienced ſome ſervice, in fighting the battles of his country. For a length of time he reſided in an obſcure dwelling at Madeley, into which, it is ſaid, he has not for many years admitted either male or female, and from the beſt accounts we can give, it was indeed a dwelling of complete wretchedneſs. It is about fifteen years ſince he purchaſed a load of coals, a part of which were left at the time of his death.

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His chief employ was to go about to the adjacent towns, carrying letters and ſmall parcels, and doing errands for his neighbours. His perſon beſpoke the moſt abject penury; he uſually appeared in an old ſlouched hat and tattered garments, ſcarcely ſufficient to cover his nakedneſs, with a ragged bag hung over his ſhoulder, in which he moſtly carried a little parſley, or ſome other kind of herb, the produce of his garden; theſe he generally offered as a preſent at the different places where he had to do buſineſs, and when accepted, he took care to deal them out with a very ſparing hand. This ſhew of generoſity, together with his eccentric addreſs and converſation, uſually produced him a tenfold return. On ſearching his tattered ſatchel after his death, it was found to contain old bones and ſhoe ſoles, pieces of paper, &c. which articles he uſually collected in his peregrinations: his ſtock of linen conſiſted of two old ſhirts and a pair of ſheets; in his hut were found ſeveral articles of ſilver plate, &c. His death was occaſioned by a violent cold, brought on by his falling into a ditch in a ſtate of intoxication on his return from Newcaſtle the Saturday preceding.

By his penurious diſpoſition he had amaſſed a conſiderable ſum of money (excluſive of a loſs of 500l. which we underſtand he experienced a few years ago), a part of which he has left to purchaſe an additional bell for the church at Madeley, and an annual ſalary for it to be rung every night at nine o'clock during the ſummer months, and eight during the winter; a chandelier for the church; a bell for the uſe of the free ſchool; 5l. per annum towards the organiſt's ſalary for that place, and a like annual amount for the Drayton organiſt; a further ſum to be applied to the enlarging and repairing the Madeley almſhouſe, and clothing and educating two poor children, until of a proper age to be put apprentice; and to his relations, *two ſhillings and ſixpence each.*

He has nominated ſix executors; J. Crewe, Eſq. of Crewe-Hall; the Rev. Offley Crewe, of Muxon; the Rev. B. Stoer, of Madeley; the miniſter of Drayton; Mr. Wilkinſon, of Madeley-Manor; and Mr. Taylor, of Madeley-Heath.

MISERIES *of a* RETIRED LIFE.

MR. EDITOR,

THE advantages of retirement having been expatiated upon by many writers on moral topics, who very juſtly argue, that it becomes a rational creature to devote ſome time to meditation upon paſt actions, of which he is to give an account, and to prepare for leaving a world to which he is no more to return. All this is very eaſily comprehended; and the many other fine ar-

guments in favour of retirement made a great impreſſion upon me at one time. I ſhould have been very happy, indeed, to have confirmed them by my own experience, had it not been for one little circumſtance of conſiderable moment in order to ſettle the queſtion, namely, that after a long trial I have found retirement impracticable.

In former days I was a tradeſman in the city of London, and for many years carried on buſineſs with increaſing proſperity. I may ſay, indeed, that every thing ſucceeded which I undertook; while others around me were driven by diſtreſs and diſappointed ſpeculations, by paper credit and accommodation bills, into the Gazette, I ſtood firm, and, upon 'Change, was univerſally reported to be a good man. From this character you are not to wonder if I very rapidly paſſed into that of a warm man; and, in truth, having realized ſeveral thouſand pounds, and advancing, at the ſame time, toward the down-hill of life, I began to be captivated by the beautiful deſcriptions preſented to me of the happineſs of retirement.—Having few relations to interfere with my inclinations, I met with no obſtacles; I parted with my buſineſs, upon eaſy terms, to two induſtrious and faithful ſervants, who had lived ſome years with me, and deſerved every return I could make, and having purchaſed a ſmall freehold in the weſt of England, I bade an everlaſting adieu to the buſtle and noiſe, the ſmoke and confuſion, of a vaſt and overgrown metropolis.

It would be unneceſſary to give you a particular deſcription of my country reſidence, ſuffice it to ſay, that it was ſituated in a moſt pleaſant vale, and poſſeſſed all thoſe advantages which are ſo pompouſly, and often falſely, trumpeted forth by the auctioneers. Here I felt myſelf as light as a bird that had eſcaped the confinement of its cage. Here I expected to enjoy the bliſsful tranſition from ſociety to ſolitude, from care to eaſe, from vexation to tranquillity. But what are the hopes of man? I had not been here many weeks before I diſcovered that ſomething very eſſential was wanting to fill up the meaſure of my happineſs: ſomething which I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy; in one word, I wanted ſomething to do. In the midſt of retirement my mind ſtruggled for employment, and dragged me back to thoſe days when I knew not the miſery of a vacant hour, and when every hour brought with it its pleaſing anxieties or profitable engagements. Here were no employments, no calls, no avocations; here were no goods to look over and examine, no ſales to attend, no cuſtom-houſe buſineſs to be done, no attendance upon 'Change, no books to poſt, invoices to ſend, or bills to negociate. Theſe had been the employment of my former life; and deprived of them, I had nothing upon which I could learn to fix my attention. "It was very ſingular," you will ſay, "that all this never occurred to me before." Yet

nothing

nothing is more certain, than that no ſuch idea ever entered my head, till I had leiſure to look my ſituation in the face, and contemplate myſelf as a ſolitary, helpleſs, and uſeleſs being.

It was now ſuggeſted to me, that however true this might be, yet it was no more than what had happened to others. Gentlemen who retire are no longer to think of buſineſs; they are to partake of ſuch ſports and pleaſures as the country affords, and lay up a ſtock of good health and ſpirits, prepare a vigorous old age, and bid defiance to care and time. This was bewitching language, and I liſtened to it with conviction; I entered with ſpirit into the views of my neighbours; but I ſoon found that the ſports of the country are learnt with difficulty, and followed with a very bad grace by a mere man of London buſineſs, who has reached his grand climacteric. I had been all my life, even from my boyiſh days, an induſtrious plodder behind the counter and the deſk! it could not, conſequently, be very eaſy to transform one of my habits into a man of pleaſure, and a keen ſportſman.

The firſt leſſons I took were miſerably unſucceſsful, and attended by conſequences more of a painful than pleaſurable nature: my attempt to follow the hounds was attended by a diſlocation of the ſhoulder, which laid me up for ſix weeks; and, in my firſt attack upon a covey of partridges, I put out my ſhoulder again by the recoil of my piece. Theſe violent amuſements, in ſhort, were not ſuited to my taſte or capacity, and too evidently interfered with my ſafety to be followed longer. Fiſhing, therefore, was recommended as a more ſafe and ſecure diverſion; and I was ſoon inſtructed in all the myſteries of baits, and hooks, and bites, and worms; but, as before I had too much exerciſe, here I had too little, and had very nearly fallen into the river faſt aſleep; when I gave up this purſuit alſo.

It now came into my head, eſpecially as winter approached, that reading would fill up my hours agreeably. I never had an averſion to reading, as far as I can remember of my early liking and diſliking; but I had always found ſo much employment in buſineſs apparently, and perhaps really, more urgent, that, for many years, my reading was confined entirely to a newſpaper, with an occaſional peep into the London Directory, or the Red Book; and ſuch a chain of reaſoning, or narrative, as other books contain, was not familiar to me. I imputed this, however, merely to want of time; and that obſtacle being now removed, I flattered myſelf that I ſhould be able to increaſe the advantages of retirement, by ſtoring my mind with food for reflection. Books were accordingly provided; but here, as in hunting, fiſhing, and fowling, all was new and untrodden ground. When I had completed my library, I diſcovered that my bookſeller had not, and indeed could not, ſend me what I moſt wanted, a taſte

and habit of reading. My ſleepy fits came on again; and there are few of the eminent writers of the preſent day (whatever they may think of their genius) whom I have not honoured with the approbation of a nod.

One reſource was yet left. I now began to think that company would ſerve to divert me, and kill the heavy hours: for that purpoſe I cultivated the acquaintance of an extenſive neighbourhood. My wealth, and I hope my manners, which were at leaſt inoffenſive, procured me an early introduction into many agreeable families. But here, too, I was doomed to experience the misfortune of having gone through life with one ſtock of ideas, and that a very ſmall one, "of no uſe to any perſon but the owner." The converſation of my friends turned upon ſubjects with which I was totally unacquainted. Now and then, when the newſpaper came in, I could expatiate upon London politics, and the comparative merits of many great London politicians. But this could not laſt long; my ſtock of politics was the ſmalleſt of all my property, and I was too far from Guildhall, or St. Stephen's Chapel, to procure a freſh ſupply. During the greater part of my viſits, I was condemned to hear long debates on ſubjects foreign to my underſtanding.

The ſtate of wheat, barley, and oats; the modes of rearing and feeding cattle; the farm-yard and the dairy; the cutting down of timber, and the planting of potatoes; were often diſcuſſed with great warmth, and at great length; but all was unintelligible to me; nor could I find a man in the whole pariſh who underſtood any thing about nainſooks and bandannoes, ſoofayes and taffeties, and calimancoes, muſlinets or dimities. I began to have a very indifferent opinion of their capacities; I believe they had no great one of mine, and it was more than once whiſpered in my hearing, that "your Londoners know nothing out of the ſound of Bow bells."

In this uncomfortable ſituation I remained for nearly two years; my health became affected from the lowneſs of my ſpirits, and the indolence of my habit: and I know not what might have been the conſequence, if I had not, at length, taken the reſolution to reviſit ſociety again. I am now moſt happily and comfortably placed as a partner in that very houſe, to which I once bade adieu, as I thought, for ever. I truſt I am now cured of a paſſion for retirement; but as I perceive many of my acquaintances liſtening to the repreſentations which once deceived me, I am deſirous by your inſertion of this letter, to warn them againſt the error. Few men of any deſcription are qualified to enjoy retirement, or to render it ſalutary. Men of mere buſineſs are the leaſt of all ſo. Their habits, tempers, and talents, are all diſqualifications of an inſuperable kind. Active employments, connected with fair and honeſt advantages, may prolong their days in health and comfort; but to exchange buſtle for idle-

neſs, without the power to render idleneſs harmleſs, is a deſperate attempt; and it is extreme folly, at the decline of life, to barter that which may be depended upon, for that which is uncertain in the higheſt poſſible degree.

I am Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

THOMAS KERSEYMERE.

The HERMITESS *of* NORTH SALEM.

THE following account of a ſingular character, now reſiding in the neighbourhood of Salem, in Ducheſs county, in New York, is extracted from the *Political Barometer*, printed at Poughkeepſie; and communicated, as the editor declares, from authority ſo reſpectable as admits not a doubt of its perfect correctneſs.

New York, November 13.

" When the train of human events appears to deviate from its wonted courſe, and becomes productive of characters altogether new and unexampled, it has a claim on the world to be perpetuated.

" An inſtance of this kind, where nature has appeared ſurpriſingly to wander from its wonted operations, is diſplayed in the character and manner of life exhibited by a certain female in the vicinity of this town. We often hear of men, from various motives, preferring a life of ſolitude in ſome gloomy cavern of the earth; but to find one of the fair ſex immured in a cave wholly ſecluded from human ſociety, is a true phenomenon.

" Acquainted with all their delicacy of body, their natural timidity of mind, their loquacity of temper, and their inordinate love of ſeeing and being ſeen; to find them forſaking all human ſociety for the dreary haunts of ſavage beaſts, appears when related, too romantic to gain belief. Yet the reader may rely on the ſequel, as a ſimple narrative of facts.

" Sarah Biſhop (for this was the name of this hermiteſs, is a perſon of about fifty years of age; about thirty years ago, ſhe was a lady of conſiderable beauty, a competent ſhare of mental endowments, and education; ſhe was poſſeſſed of a handſome fortune, but of a tender and delicate conſtitution, and enjoyed but a low degree of health, and could hardly be comfortable without conſtant recourſe to medicine and careful attendance: and was often heard to ſay that ſhe had no dread of any animal on earth but man. Diſguſted with them, and conſequently with the world, about twenty-three years ago, ſhe withdrew herſelf from all human ſociety, and in the bloom of life reſorted

to

to the mountains, which divide Salem from North Salem: where ſhe has ſpent her days to the preſent time, in a cave, or rather cleft of the rock, withdrawn from the ſociety of every living creature. Yeſterday, in company with the two Captain Smiths, of this town, I went into the mountains to viſit this ſurpriſing hermitage; a juſt portrait of which is contained in the following lines.

"As you paſs the ſouthern and moſt elevated ridge of the mountain, and begin to deſcend the ſouthern ſteep, you meet with a perpendicular deſcent of a rock of about ten feet, in the front of which is this cave. At the foot of this rock is a gentle deſcent of rich and fertile ground, extending about ten rods, when it inſtantly forms a frightful precipice, deſcending about half a mile to the pond, known by the name of Long Pond.

"On the right and left of this fertile ground, the mountain riſes in cliffs, and almoſt incloſes it, being a ſquare of about one half acre. In the front of the rock on the north, where the cave is, and level with the ground there appears to be a large fruſtrum of the rock, of a double fathom ſize, thrown out of the rock by ſome unknown convulſion of nature, and lies in front of the cavity from whence it was rent, partly incloſing the mouth, and forming a room of the ſame dimenſions with the fruſtrum itſelf: the rock is left entire above, and forms the roof of this humble manſion.

"This cavity is the habitation of this hermiteſs, in which ſhe has ſpent twenty-three of her beſt years, ſelf-excluded from all human ſociety. She keeps no domeſticated animal, not even a fowl, a cat, or a dog. Her little plantation, conſiſting of one half acre, is cleared of its wood, and reduced to graſs, but ſhe makes little uſe of it, excepting that ſhe has raiſed a few peach trees on it, and ſhe plants yearly a few hills of beans, cucumbers, and potatoes. The whole plat is ſurrounded with a luxuriant growth of grape vines, which overſpread all the ſurrounding wood, and produce grapes in the greateſt abundance. On the oppoſite ſide of this little tenement, or cave, is a fine fountain of excellent water, which iſſues from the ſide of the mountain, and loſes itſelf in this little place.

"At this fountain we found the wonderful woman, whoſe appearance it is a little difficult to deſcribe; indeed, like nature in its firſt ſtate, ſhe was without form, that is, ſhe appeared in no form or poſition I had ever ſeen before; her dreſs appeared little elſe but one confuſed and ſhapeleſs maſs of rags, patched together without any order, which obſcured any human ſhape, excepting her head, which was clothed with a luxuriancy of lank grey hair, depending on every ſide, juſt as nature and time had formed it, wholly devoid of any artificial covering or ornament.

" When ſhe had diſcovered our approach, ſhe exhibited the appearance of any other wild and timid animal. She ſtarted, looked wild, haſtened with the utmoſt precipitation to her cave, which ſhe entered, and barricadoed the entrance with old ſhells which ſhe pulled from the decayed trees. To this humble manſion we approached, and after ſome converſation with her, we obtained liberty to remove the palliſadoes and look in; for we were not able to enter, the room being only ſufficient to accommodate a ſingle perſon. We converſed with her for ſome conſiderable time, found her to be of a ſound mind, a religious turn of thought, and to be entirely happy and contented with the ſituation; of this ſhe has given to others repeated demonſtration, who have, in vain, ſolicited her to quit this dreary abode. We ſaw no utenſil, either for labour or cookery, excepting an old pewter baſon, and a gourd-ſhell; no bed but the ſolid rock, unleſs it were a few old rags, ſcattered here and there upon it; no bed clothes of any kind; nor the leaſt appearance of any ſort of food, and no fire.

" She had, indeed, a place in one corner of her cell, where ſhe kindles a fire at times, but it does not appear that any fire has been kindled there this ſpring. To confirm this opinion, a gentleman ſays that he paſſed her cell five or ſix days after the great fall of ſnow in the beginning of March laſt, that ſhe had no fire then, and had not been out of her cave ſince the ſnow had fallen. How ſhe ſubſiſts during the ſevere ſeaſons, is yet a myſtery. She ſays ſhe eats but little fleſh of any kind, and it is difficult to imagine how ſhe is ſupported through the winter ſeaſon. In the ſummer ſhe ſubſiſts on the berries, nuts, and roots, which the mountains afford. It may be, that ſhe ſecretes her winter ſtore in ſome other fiſſure in the rock, more convenient for that purpoſe than the cell ſhe inhabits.

" She keeps a Bible with her, and ſays, ſhe takes much ſatisfaction, and ſpends much time in reading it, and meditating therein. It may be, this woman is a ſincere worſhipper of God; if ſo, ſhe is yet more rich, wiſe, and happy, than thouſands in affluence and honour, who beheld her with aſtoniſhment and ſcorn. At any rate, from this humble, yet aſtoniſhing page of human nature, we read a moſt intereſting lecture on the human heart. It was the peculiar ſtate of this woman's heart which drove her to forſake the ſociety of man, and led her to this ſolitary manſion. The peculiar reliſh of the human heart will embrace ſolitude, diſhonour, deformity, and death itſelf, for happineſs, whilſt its antipathies can embitter a paradiſe of joy. Reaſon has no power againſt its influence; it is not the energy of ſcience, but a heart forced to a wiſe, decent, and uſeful life, that muſt regenerate the world.

SKETCH

SKETCH *of a* COUNTRY ASSIZE.

HAVING lately been at a country town, during the *aſſize week*, I cannot avoid making certain obſervations which naturally occurred to a by-ſtander. Perhaps ſome of my readers will agree that the buſtle of an aſſize town at this ſeaſon, may not be unintereſting to a reflecting mind. Obſerve, I do not mean to include the priſoners, or other parties intereſted. The trumpet ſounds three times, as the boys at play ſay—One to begin—two, to make ready—three, and away!

Apropos—an odd ſtory here obtrudes itſelf, and as the celebrated Sterne ſaid, though with much better reaſon: and by the bye, it may be ſtill the better, becauſe he ſaid it, and is ſince dead—" My pen governs me—I govern not it."

Well! now for the ſtory—once upon a time (as all old ſtories begin, or ſhould begin,) there was a judge upon his circuit, who invited the gentlemen of the long-robe, to an aſſize-dinner; upon recollection I believe the high ſheriff gave the dinner, however, that is not material, you know. After the cloth was removed, the bottle paſſed briſkly round the table, and almoſt every one ſaid, or attempted to ſay ſomething ſmart on the occaſion. A junior counſel, who had never ſpoken in public before; ſeeming uneaſy to exhibit in turn, or as the lawyers would ſay, to make an *incipitur*, aſked the judge if his lordſhip had ſeen the wonderful *rinoceras* which was in town? His lordſhip anſwered, without the leaſt heſitation, " No, Sir, as we both travel with trumpets, I believe we ſtand upon ceremony—the ceremony of—who ſhall make the firſt viſit." Whether there was any room for the young barriſter to rejoin or not, leaving my judicious reader to determine, I proceed:—The trumpets ſound in the high-ſtreet, the ladies in full-dreſs flock to the windows to ſee, I mean rather to be ſeen; for *certes* there is very little to ſee: and the ſheriff bows politely as he paſſes. At this inſtant, a man with moſt earneſt countenance, demanded of me if the laſt trumpet ſounded? My anſwer was, " I hope in God not, Sir, for I am by no means prepared." " Nor I," exclaimed a well-known attorney, who ſtood on my left hand; a third perſon on my right, declared he was doubtful, whether my lord, the barriſters, nay, the whole court, were not in the ſame predicament.

I ſoon loſt my companion, and having been huſtled into the channel, was forced along by the current into a place called a hall; ſcarce big enough to contain with any degree of convenience, half the company. His lordſhip bows, and ſeats himſelf between four-and-twenty ladies, all on a row; underneath were four-and-twenty black gowns all on a row. They brought to mind the old ſong of *four-and-twenty fidlers, &c.* But no matter for that, on ſecond conſideration, I believe there were above

above thirty barriſters, many of whom I was informed, had never ſpoken; and many more who were never likely to ſpeak, that is to ſay, to the purpoſe—I mean in character, for the buſineſs ſeemed to be confined to five or ſix.

Now began one general confuſion: counſel opening, without being heard, attornies complaining without effect, and plaintiffs murmuring at the interruption without redreſs; while his lordſhip and the cryer were calling out for ſilence! At length the emblem of Babel-building ceaſed—the counſel gravely declared, that he had not read a word in his brief yet, proceeded very deliberately to inform the jury of what he himſelf was profeſſedly ignorant, the court ſmiled, and the clients grinned moſt horribly; but here let me make a pauſe. Laughter begone! let me at leaſt attempt to do juſtice to the preſiding officer of juſtice, who perceived each cauſe of action almoſt intuitively—who made amends for the negligence and ignorance of ſome, and detected the knavery of others; who, though he might ſometimes ſmile, was unwearied in diſcovering the real jut of the caſe, and by his cloſe reaſoning often gave ſatisfaction to the loſing parties. As an inſtance, one of the defendants having loſt his cauſe, declared in my hearing, he thought the verdict under the opinion of the judge, to be extremely right, and requeſted his attorney to let him know forthwith what were the damages and the coſts, which he was ready to pay, having only wiſhed for the opinion of the beſt *referee* in the univerſe, indeed he was pleaſed to add, with particular emphaſis, in matters of *meum* and *tuum*.

Tired with ridiculous ſquabbles about ſheep-treſpaſſing where no graſs grew—about contemptible ſlanders between parties who never had any character to loſe—and endleſs litigations about titles, where no title had ever exiſted. I departed from this court, called it ſeems the *niſi-prius* ſide, regretting that amicable arbitrations were not more frequent, and that the time of the judge and jury ſhould be ſo much miſpent, about matters of little or no conſequence.

Indeed my departure was haſtened by the ſound of other trumpets in the ſtreet. At firſt I thought of the wonderful *rinoceras*, but ſoon found the *crown-ſide* were going to ſit, and and that crowds were gathered about certain *fallen beings*, once as innocent as any of the ſpectators. Here I was hurt to ſee *idle curioſity* get the better of *innate humanity*—the *pride of human nature* riſing ſuperior by compariſon, and not having fallen in the way of temptation, not diſpoſed to make charitable allowances for the frailties of others. Wrong education, preſſing neceſſity, ſtrong paſſions, and painful temptations, or even a natural depravity, thought I, ſhould render theſe miſerable fellow-creatures, objects of commiſeration, at leaſt in ſome degree.

The feeling heart is agitated with ſympathy; the ſight of diſtreſs is ſhocking to the compaſſionate eye; and to the humane ears the clanking of chains can be no muſic.

Gracious God! forgive us our treſpaſſes, ſuffer us not to fall into temptation; let thoſe who think they ſtand, take heed leſt they fall.

NEW ACCOUNT *of the* MAN *with the* IRON MASK.

ANOTHER chapter is ſhortly about to be publiſhed (according to one of the foreign journals, Le Mercure de France), in augmentation of the eleven thouſand conjectures that have been already ſaid or written relative to the myſterious hiſtory of the perſon known under the name of the man with the iron maſk. It is farther announced, that, after the public ſhall have been made acquainted with the new explanation here referred to, and that is ready to appear, the hiſtory of the man with the iron maſk will ceaſe to inſpire the ſame intereſt that it has always hitherto done. The reverſe of this medal is, however, exhibited in another journal (Le Magazin d'Anecdotes, but no longer with an air of myſtery), which roundly ſtates it as a circumſtance pretty generally known, that both the late duke of Richlieu and Voltaire, &c. were no ſtrangers to the name, birth, and rank, of the perſon abovementioned; and that a manuſcript copy, explaining all the relative particulars, in Voltaire's own hand-writing, is at preſent in the poſſeſſion of his niece, Madame De Villette, which, with other unpubliſhed manuſcripts of that moſt celebrated character, have been bequeathed by the ſaid lady to a literary friend, on condition of their not being committed to the preſs before ten years after the term of her deceaſe. Many perſons, however, it is added, have been permitted to peruſe the above manuſcript; and we now learn, from the moſt authentic documents (according to the ſaid journals), that the man with the iron maſk (which maſk, however, it now appears, was of velvet, with iron ſprings) was, in fact, the ſon of the queen dowager of Louis XIII. and mother of Louis XIV. by Cardinal Mazarine, to whom that great lady was privately married; and that the ſaid unfortunate perſonage was born in the Palais Royal at Paris, in the year 1648.

The public are not unapprized that Mazarine, although a cardinal, had never taken prieſts' orders, and that Louis XIV. always treated him with the ſame deference and regard as if the cardinal had been his parent. It was not till after Mazarine's death that the iron maſk was firſt heard of, becauſe, during his life, his ſon was travelling abroad with a private tutor, unacquainted with the high rank of his parents and relatives. This

tutor,

tutor, we are told, dying ſome time after ſuddenly at Bruſſels, his papers diſcovered to young Mazarine the ſecret of his birth, who, in conſequence, went to Paris, and having expoſtulated rather imprudently with his mother, ſhe, with a view to conceal what ſhe thought her family diſgrace by ſuch a marriage, conſented to the treatment which her youngeſt ſon afterwards experienced, and who, on account of the great reſemblance he bore to his brother Louis XIV. was obliged to wear a black velvet maſk over his face.

He was, however, treated in his confinement with all the reſpect due to a prince of the blood royal; and even the governor of the Baſtille never preſumed to ſit down in his preſence without his permiſſion. He was always ſerved upon plate, with the choiceſt viands and wines, and always wore the fineſt clothes and linen. With the exception of his perſonal liberty, he could command the uſe or ſervice of every article and individual about him. Theſe particulars Voltaire learned not only from his friend the old Duc De Richelieu, but likewiſe from the duke of Orleans, regent under the minority of Louis XV.

On the GERMAN PRINCES.

THEY are minute obſervers of form. The ſame eſtabliſhment for their houſehold, the ſame officers in the palace, are to be found here as in the court of the moſt powerful monarch in Europe. The difference lies more in the ſalaries, than in the talents requiſite for theſe places; one pay-maſter for the forces, has greater emoluments in England than a grand marſhal, a grand chamberlain, two ſecretaries of ſtate, and half a dozen more of the chief officers of a German court, all taken together.

The ſovereign princes in Germany have an unlimited power over their people; and may ſell the perſons of their ſubjects, or employ them in any other way they think proper. If you aſk the queſtion, in direct terms, of a German, he will anſwer in the negative, and will talk of certain rights which the ſubjects enjoy, and that they can appeal to the great council, or general diet of the empire, for relief.

But after all his ingenuity and diſtinction, you find the barriers, which protect the peaſant from the power of the prince, are ſo weak, that they are hardly worth keeping up, and that the only ſecurity the peaſant has for his perſon and property, muſt proceed from the moderation, good ſenſe, and juſtice of his ſovereign.

AN ANECDOTE.

MADAME AUGUIE having been perſonally attached to the late queen of France, expected to ſuffer under the execrable tyranny of Robeſpierre. She often declared to her ſiſter, Madam Campau, that ſhe never would wait the execution of the order of arreſt, and that ſhe was determined to die rather than fall into the hands of the executioner. Madame Campau endeavoured, by the principles of morality and philoſophy, to perſuade her ſiſter to abandon this deſperate reſolution; and in her laſt viſit, as if ſhe had foreſeen the fate of this unfortunate woman, ſhe added, "Wait the future with reſignation; ſome fortunate occurrence may turn aſide the fate you fear, even at the moment you may believe the danger to be greateſt."

Soon afterwards the guards appeared before the houſe where Madame Auguie reſided, to take her to priſon. Firm in her reſolution, to avoid the ignominy of execution, ſhe ran to the top of the houſe, threw herſelf from the balcony, and was taken up dead. As they were carrying her corſe to the grave, the attendants were obliged to turn aſide to let paſs—the cart which conveyed Robeſpierre to the ſcaffold!

DORSETSHIRE FELLOWSHIP.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

IN the Entertainer, dated October 15, 1804, it is ſaid, "that Dorſetſhire is almoſt the only county which has not the excluſive appropriation of ſome fellowſhip or ſcholarſhip, in either univerſity."—There is a fellowſhip at Oriel College, in Oxford, appropriated to Dorſetſhire.

On AFFECTATION.

AFFECTATION is to be always diſtinguiſhed from hypocriſy, as being the art of counterfeiting thoſe qualities, which we might, with innocence and ſafety, be known to want. Thus the man who, to carry on any fraud, or to conceal any crime, pretends to rigours of devotion, and exactneſs of life, is guilty of hypocriſy; and his guilt is greater, as the end, for which he puts on the falſe appearance. But he that, with an awkward addreſs, and unpleaſing countenance, boaſts of the conqueſts made by him among the ladies, and counts over the thouſands whom he might have poſſeſſed if he would have married, is chargeable only with affectation.

Anſwer, by a North Country Sailor of Exmouth, to G. Hann's Rebus, inſerted October 29.

THE CUCUMBER is very nice,
And if well-mix'd I like a ſlice.

☞ Similar anſwers have been received from T. Adey, of Poole; and J. Patch, at Everſhot ſchool.

Anſwer, by Emulous, of Plymouth, to Silvanus's Rebus, inſerted October 29.

YOUR natal place, kind Sir, I have reveal'd,
'Tis AWLISCOMBE you artfully conceal'd.

*** We have received the like anſwer from R. B—, W. W—, and G. E, of Plymouth; W. Commins, W. Strong, J. T. Symons, S. Murch, and R Holwell, of Exeter; J. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; and T. Prout, of Mevagiſſey.

A REBUS, *by Bidefordienſis.*

TO fix, a liquid letter add,
'Twill give my firſt I ween;
And then three-fourths a meaſure join,
An author's name is ſeen.

A CHARADE, *by S. Murch, of Exeter.*

MY lucid firſt is brilliant to the ſight,
Within the compaſs of a peaceful night;
My ſacred next, you may with eaſe explore,
For 'tis what Simon, the Cyrenian, bore:
Devonia boaſts my whole, both neat and gay,
And there Exonians oft for pleaſure ſtray.

A BILL *of* FARE *for* CHRISTMAS.

A Baronet's title, with part of his frame;
A poor ſilly fellow, at leaſt his nick-name;
A threſher once noted for poetic fame;
A ſon of old Noah; what young folk we call;
An article us'd much in Weſtminſter Hall,
While clients ſtand quaking, and barriſters bawl;
A bird that's conſider'd an emblem of love,
And tho' not the ſame is akin to the dove;
Annex'd to what often you ſay you've no hand in,
And when you have ſaid it no doubt you will ſtand in;
A taylor comes next, then affixing a letter;
A rude country fellow will give you a better,
By placing a conſonant rightly between;
Some trees and a bird, then another is ſeen;
To grow take one half of, which let be embrac'd
By ſome of its ſecond, on which ſhould be plac'd
The foregoing diſhes. Now ſurely you'll think,
To treat you with meat, I ſhould give you ſome drink.
A ſervant's that's menial; a hill that is high;
What ſailors oft wiſh for when ſtorms rend the ſky;
A fellow that's merry, and ſeen at a ſhow:
Uncover the whole, now, you're welcome you know.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

THE LAST DAY.

BLOW ye the trump, ye heralds of your God!
Loud ſound th' alarm thro' all the earth abroad;
Let the wide world's aſtoniſh'd millions hear,
And all to meet their final doom prepare.

Ye ſons of men attend! the day draws nigh
When not a ray of light ſhall bleſs the ſky;
Save where the lightnings glow with horrid gleams,
Or darting meteors glare with ruddy flames;
When tenfold gloom ſhall wrap the globe around,
While pealing thunders thro' the darkneſs ſound,
Yon azure vault appear one gen'ral fire,
And earth diſſolv'd amidſt the blaze expire.

When thoughtleſs man, with vain elated mind,
Gives ev'ry thought of danger to the wind;
When high in glee he quaffs the cup of joy,
Or golden dreams his ſlumb'ring hours away;
Of death or judgment all unheedful quite,
The day is ſpent in mirth, in ſleep the night;
'Midſt this falſe calm a tempeſt ſhall ariſe,
With wing tremendous ſweeping round the ſkies:
The globe, convuls'd, ſhall to its centre quake,
Th' eternal mountains' deep foundations ſhake;
The trembling plains ſhall yawn, the foreſt burn,
And ſolid rocks, conſum'd, to aſhes turn.
While howling winds, and dire tornadoes roar,
And bellowing oceans daſh upon the ſhore.
Clouds big with thunder thro' the void ſhall roll,
Nor ſun, nor moon, nor ſtar illume the pole,
Yon mighty orb, whoſe lamp creates the day;
Yon lucid moon, that ſhines with borrow'd ray;
Yon planets beaming on the brow of night,
Shall ſink diveſted of each ray of light.
The ſun to total darkneſs then ſhall turn,
And Cynthia, rob'd in blood, her fate ſhall mourn;
While all the ſtars that gild the vault on high,
And planets rolling thro' the ample ſky,
Shall all, at once, withdraw their various light,
And leave the earth involv'd in deepeſt night.

'Tis darkneſs all, but where the lightnings flaſh;
'Tis ſilence all, but when the thunders craſh;
Or tempeſts rave, or foaming billows roar,
Or guilty men, in ſcreams, their fate deplore:
Expectant all, that ſoon the hour muſt come,
That to each child of Adam ſeals eternal doom.

Now to the cavern'd rocks all wild they fly,
And wiſh the pond'rous hills could on them lie;
Deep in the centre would they prize a grave,
If from th' approaching judge its gloom could ſave:
But vain theſe wiſhes. Hark! the trumpet ſounds:
From pole to pole its awful voice rebounds:

" Prepare,

" Prepare, O earth! thy awful judge to meet,
" Let all thy ſons attend his ſacred ſeat.
" Awake, ye dead, the laſt dread call attend,
" Ariſe to life that ne'er again ſhall end.
" Each ſhall be judg'd according to his deeds,
" And Heaven or Hell to every doom ſucceeds."

And ſee Jehovah rends the burning ſky;
On flaming cherubim behold him fly;
" Dark with exceſſive glory"* is his throne,
By a dire whirlwind borne tremendous down;
While fiery torrents fierce before him blaze,
And all the earth is horror or amaze.

Stupendous hour! big with immortal fate!
What everlaſting ſcenes upon thee wait!
Who ſhall abide thee? Who, alas! ſhall ſtand,
Amidſt the terrors of the Almighty's hand?
While his omniſcience ev'ry crime ſhall ſhew,
And ev'ry ſecret thought expoſe to view,
While ſaints, acquitted, on the right are plac'd,
And ſinners, guilty, on the left diſgrac'd;
'Till " come, ye bleſs'd," or " go, ye curſed, go,"
Begins eternal happineſs or woe:
Immortal tortures, or unceaſing joy,
Thro' infinite exiſtence each employ:
How awful this! yet one of theſe to prove,
Muſt be the fate of all on earth that rove;
Nor let a child of Adam hope to flee,
If found in ſin, th' abyſs of miſery.

Then blow the trump, ye heralds of your God!
Loud ſound th' alarm thro' all the world abroad;
Bid thoughtleſs man for judgment quick prepare,
And walk the path of life with pious care;
Be wiſe, be temperate, virtuous, chaſte, and juſt,
Yet humbly ſtill a Saviour's merits truſt:
'Tis that alone th' Almighty's love aſſures,
Redeems from Hell, and endleſs joy ſecures.

W. GIFFORD.

South Petherton.

* Milton.

THE ROBIN.

'TWAS winter, and hollow the northern blaſt blew,
Whilſt nature was veil'd in a garment of ſnow;
To my window for ſhelter a little bird flew,
It flutter'd, and fell on the cold ground below.
Tho' panting and helpleſs, the mercileſs ſtorm
Still beat on poor Robin, ſo friendleſs is woe;
The diſtreſs'd to relieve my boſom was warm,
I preſs'd the bird there, and imparted a glow.
" And to ſhare of theſe crumbs, thou'rt welcome," I cry'd,
" So kindly beſtow'd upon me from above;
" By the ſame ſweet compaſſion that ſtoopeth to guide
" Thoſe wings to thy mate in the ſeaſon of love."
Now the ſoft weſtern breeze cloathing nature in green,
Away Robin flies to ſome favourite grove,
Where the full notes of gratitude flow from a ſcene
Of innocence, melody, tranſport, and love.
O! then thro' this vale, let us cheerfully rove;
Should the tempeſts of life endure for a while,
If we truſt in that merciful Being above,
Each ſtorm will ſoon paſs, and ſubſide in his ſmile.